

The Adventures of Egg Boy and Winter Fire Girl

theloversclub

The Adventures of Egg Boy and Winter Fire Girl by theloversclub

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Summary:

Making Bev breakfast had seemed simple when he woke up at dawn but now he was overthinking everything. What if she got salmonella? What if she choked on a piece of the shell? What, he thought nervously, if she didn't like eggs?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I wrote this while sick a week ago and promptly forgot about it but I just remembered so here you go! I would literally die for this couple and I wish they were more popular. Hope you enjoy!

Song for this fic is Dusk Till Dawn by Zayn!

Light streamed in the kitchen window and fell on Ben Hanscom.

He was moving around the room, opening the fridge and turning on the stove, with some anxiety. It was early so there was no rush but he wanted to do this right. Making Bev breakfast had seemed simple when he woke up at dawn but now he was overthinking everything. What if she got salmonella? What if she choked on a piece of the shell? What, he thought nervously, if she didn't like eggs?

"You must be the only person alive to help kill a demon and still get scared about a girl" he thought gloomily as he started beating the eggs. Bev wasn't just a girl to him though, she was his friend. They had been through so much together... For a second yesterday, it looked like she'd never know it was him who had written the poem... when he'd heard It had taken her, he had no hesitation in going into the sewers. And when they'd found her, floating in the room full of junk and death, her eyes blank...he hadn't hesitated in trying what always seemed to work in the stories he read.

He felt weird kissing her without permission but it had been an emergency and it was purely a moment of fear and anxiety, nothing more. Of course he felt a lot for Bev but he didn't want to kiss her like that. He wanted to kiss her while she kissed him. He wanted to kiss like people did in the movies (not that it would ever happen.) In the cistern, all he cared about was Bev's blue eyes sparkling at him again. And when she woke up, he didn't mind if she hated him and never spoke to him again and freaking married Bill.

Of course, she didn't seem to be mad at him. Why would she ask to

stay with him if she was? Sure, she couldn't stay in her own house after what had happened and none of the other losers had parents who would be okay with her staying (Ben wasn't exactly sure what Richie's deal was but they never went to his house so he figured they were really strict or something) so maybe this was a visit of necessity.

He hoped the breakfast would earn her forgiveness if she was angry at him or if she wasn't, just cheer her up after yesterday. She had seemed pretty down last night. He started heating the butter and humming 'Please Don't Go Girl'. By the time he'd moved to 'Step by Step', he was pouring in the egg mixture.

"Something smells good...and sounds good" he heard a voice say behind him, and he turned around, a blush already forming.

"You're awake!"

"Seems like I woke up in a Lysol commercial..."

Ben blushed again. She smiled at him and moved toward the stove.

"I didn't know you cooked?"

"Oh um, I woke up a while ago so I thought I'd make breakfast. I don't know what you like so I just made what I like... hope that's okay"

Her smile dazzled him again as she laughed.

"Oh, you're quite the gentleman... or maybe more of a housewife. I'm sure whatever you're making will be great. Are you sure your mom won't mind?"

"Nah, I'm used to making my own food. My mom works a lot so I've been making my own meals for ages. I can make you pretty much anything except fish because" his nose wrinkled 'that smells nasty'

"I'll stick with what you're making. Are you sure you don't need any help? I've made breakfast for my dad a few times..." her face fell a little as she said those words, and she turned away. He wanted to comfort her but he didn't know what to say.

“No it’s okay... sit down at the table, I’ll finish up here”

She followed his suggestion and stared at the table for a minute, as he stirred the mixture. Her forehead was creased and he wanted to help her unload her burden.

“Penny for your thoughts?”

She looked at him and smiled a little, but her forehead didn’t clear.

“I’m just wondering what I’m gonna do tonight. I can’t stay here... but I don’t know where to go or what to do”

His heart sank.

“You can stay here as long as you want but I understand if you’d prefer if you wanna stay with Stan... or Bill...”

“Oh no, don’t get it twisted. This is great but your mom can’t just have someone else live here. I feel bad enough for sleeping here last night. I could stay at my own house I guess” she shuddered “but even if I wanted to, who is gonna live with me? I need an adult and now both of my parents are dead...”

Ben frowned at this. He totally understood why Bev didn't want to go back to her house after everything that had happened there. Her dad's body would still be there, as well as the unpleasant memories of being taken by It. But she couldn't stay here forever, his mom didn't make enough money to house another kid.

“Do you have any other family maybe? Who could look after you?” he said, while easing the scrambled eggs off the pan. He popped the toast in the toaster and looked at her hopefully,

“My mom.... her sister lives in Portland I think. I haven’t seen her in a while but she was always nice. I guess I could call her. But jeez Ben, what am I supposed to tell her? He didn’t exactly pass away due to natural causes”

He wasn’t sure if he should ask but not knowing had kept him up for ages last night. His voice trembled a little as he asked “What exactly happened Bev? Was it It?”

Her face looked stony and she shook her head.

“Not right now Ben. I’m sorry, when I’m ready to talk about it then I’ll tell you but... I’m not ready right now. Yesterday was... not a good day”

“That’s okay, don’t rush yourself. I’d- I’d never do anything to upset you Bev”

He felt stupid as the words left his mouth but she grinned at them.

“I know Ben, you big hearted teddy bear. Speaking of ready, how are those eggs doing?”

He piled the toast on a plate, slapped the scrambled eggs beside it and after sprinkling some cheese on top, he put the plate down in front of Bev.

“Damn Ben, you know how to treat a lady! Did anyone else ever get this treatment?” she said, tucking in.

“I made Eddie some salad one time-“ he started but was interrupted.

“Ben! You weren’t joking, these are really good! I’m not even exaggerating, these are the best eggs I’ve ever had”

He couldn’t stop his stupid beam and quickly walked over to the fridge to hide it.

“Oh you’re just sweet talking me into making you more. Plus, some of the credit should actually go to Mike. I’m pretty sure these eggs are from his farm.... want some orange juice?”

“I’m fine, sit down! Eat something yourself” she called out. He reluctantly complied and sat down, buttering some toast. Bev was munching on some herself and grinned at him. She had some crumbs in her hair and he decided to see how long it would take for her to notice.

“Seriously, thank you Ben. For the eggs and for letting me sleep in your house, in your bed.... I didn’t want to be alone last night. You’re the best, I’ll have to make you something one day to make up for

this!”

“We’re the losers, we take care of each other! Any of the others would have done it if they’d been able to you know.”

“But” she said, looking at him seriously “would they have made me breakfast this good? Richie probably would have set his house on fire if he’d tried!”

Ben snorted into his toast.

“ And Eddie is probably allergic to eggs” he added, feeling a little mean but after all they had been through, he doubted they’d mind some ribbing.

Beverly belched and covered up her mouth quickly. Ben started laughing hysterically at her face.

She started giggling after a second, and the room was filled with laughter. The sound of it bouncing off the walls made Ben feel warm and fuzzy.

“That’s probably woken up my mom!”

“I hope she didn’t think I was some kind of lady, she’ll be very disappointed!”

He managed to stop laughing.

“My mom loves you. She says you’re a good influence on me, she thinks I’m too shy.... but if you woke her up this early, she might miss when I had no friends. Books don’t make that much noise!”

“Shut up!”

Bev stood up and brought her plate over to the sink. She moved over to the radio and started fiddling with the stations.

“What are you-“

“Hold on, I know a station that you’re gonna like...”

He waited a few seconds and then looked at her in disbelief and awe as 'The Right Stuff' began to play.

"Beverly, I cannot believe you, I just- how did you even know that station was gonna play that-"

She smirked at him and began singing along. Her voice was clear and pure.

"- you talk! See it in everything you do, even in your thoughts-sing it with me Ben!"

"I'm not gonna sing!"

She pouted at him and then grinned. The combination of the two made him feel lightheaded. To hell with it, if she wanted him to perform the dance routine, he'd do it.

Hardly able to believe he was doing this, he started singing nervously, his heart reaching a feverish beat.

"You got the right stuff, baby!"

She squealed and sang the next line, looking at him mischievously.

"Love the way you turn me on"

Ben blushed and looked away, a million emotions pounding in his heart.

They sang a couple more lines together before his mom wearily came in and asked if they could go and perform outside if they must. They both apologized and ran out. He felt bad for disturbing his mom like that but It was dead (the nightmare was really over, it hardly felt real), the sun was shining and Bev was with him.

"A great cook and a great singer... I feel like there's so much happening beneath the surface with you Ben."

"Most people call me an open book actually"

He would consider himself most people in that sense. He was very

open and honest. His mom said he wore his heart on his sleeve. Not like Bev. She was tough, she hid behind a façade. He hoped she knew she didn't have to fake anything around him. He would always love her.

“Want to go down to the Barrens?”

His thoughts were interrupted by her question.

“Sure! The others might be down there”

He felt bad for secretly hoping they wouldn't be, at least not yet. It was crazy to be this happy after the insane previous day but spending time with Bev was the best. He imagined a world where they could spend all of their time together and shook himself. If that was gonna happen to anyone, it would be Bill. He sighed a little at that but whatever made Bev happy was enough for him.

“I can't wait to tell everyone about your hidden talent!”

“Oh my god, please no!”

Her hair still had crumbs in it and she had dark circles in her eyes. She looked beautiful. She always did.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Bev is going back to Portland tomorrow and its her last chance to talk to Ben

Notes for the Chapter:

This is way more angsty, sorry! Sexual assault and PTSD trigger warnings

Beverly had no idea how Ben had gotten so far ahead of her. He'd only left a minute or so before she did (boy, had a lot happened in that minute) and she was jogging in the direction he'd gone in but shit, maybe her quick glance at his figure in the distance would be the last she saw of him, maybe that was it and she really had missed her opportunity to say goodbye...

She wanted to speak to Ben again, and it had to be now. This time tomorrow she would be in Portland. He was worth more than a quick goodbye and wave, Bill sitting beside her. Her feelings were chaotic and confusing (like the rock n roll Richie played for her, overwhelming but not unpleasant) but she cared about him a lot. He had saved her from the lights.. He had kissed her back to life, crazy as it sounded. He'd written her the poem, the beautiful poem, which made her feel so warm. When she had read the words, she thought of Bill but now a different boy came to mind...

She stopped walking and stood in defeat. Ben was gone. It was over. She'd probably never even see him again.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she barely noticed the words passing her lips. They were something she had read and spoken and thought so many times, she could say them in her sleep.

"Your hair is winter fire, January Embers, my-"

"-my heart burns there too!"

A few months ago Bev would have jumped- but surviving and killing

your father and then a demonic serial killer does wonders for nerves. She whipped her head around and saw Ben awkwardly half sitting, half standing up against a tree. The way he had finished her sentence reminded her of the sewers and if it wasn't for the sun on her back, she might have shivered at the memory.

"Ben! God, what's the big idea? Richie is a terrible influence"

His chubby cheeks flushed and he started moving his hands about earnestly.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to startle you! I just sat down for awhile, I thought you would be talking with Bill for ages anyway... I didn't want to bother you but I sort of couldn't help myself"

Bev sighed a little and walked over to Ben. She squatted down next to him. The tree was almost as misshapen as the one outside Neibolt Street.

"Ben, for someone who is smart, you can be a total dope. You're not bothering me, you're my friend and I like talking you. I... I'm gonna miss talking to you"

Ben's eyes, gleaming suspiciously, were fixed on hers.

"I'll miss you Beverly"

She rested her head for his shoulder for a minute and closed her eyes. She had never done this before but it felt so natural, so right that she could have stayed here all day.

"I'll miss you too, Ben from Soc"

They stayed like this a while longer. Their hands were right beside each other. Bev could see Ben's hand slowly inching toward hers. She waited. As his fingers very tentatively brushed with hers, her impatience overwhelmed her and she grasped his firmly, bouncing up and tugging him up with her. Ben was trying to look nonchalant but she could feel how clammy his palm was.

"Okay, let's go!"

“Uh, go where? We both have to go home”

She felt very mischievous as she winked at him and tugged him towards her, towards town.

“Can we go back to yours for a little while? I have a favour to return... and not much longer left to do it”

Hopefully the Hanscom fridge was well stocked. She was no Ben, definitely no secret chef, but she could make do with some basic ingredients. And like she said, she had a favour to return.

This time it was Bev's turn to potter around the Hanscom kitchen, while Ben sat at the table. She hummed New Kids on the Block just to tease him, drowned out his occasional offers of help and stirred the boiling macaroni.

“Beverly you seriously don't owe me anything, you don't have to-“

“Why are you so determined to avoid my farewell meal? If you don't quit, my feelings are gonna be hurt”

“I'm not! I'm sure the food will be great!”

“We'll see” she chuckled, melting the butter with ease. She remembered the recipe perfectly, even though she hadn't made this since... god, April? Her dad hadn't liked it....

There he was again. In her mind when he wasn't welcome. Even though the bastard was dead he wasn't gone, still popping into her mind, smiling at her and causing her stomach to twist in fear all over again. For a brief second after smashing his head, she thought the fear, the anxiety, the anticipation for the day when her worst fears would come true was all over, because that day had come and she had won! Standing above him, yes her heart was racing and adrenaline pumping and she was probably about 10 seconds from crying but she had also thought giddily “That's it. He's gone. He's not coming back ever.”

Then she had been taken by It, she hadn't even been able to cry or process what had happened. That night, when she had gone to sleep in Ben's house she had felt safe. Free of her demons. How stupid she

felt when the nightmares started.

She hadn't told anyone about them, with the confusing recent exception, but she had them almost every night. Maybe they all did, maybe It hadn't left any of them. Maybe they all felt like she did sometimes, like it was only a matter of time before their nightmares started appearing in real life. It would have been good to talk about it... but they didn't even know why she had killed her dad. How was she supposed to tell them that he was haunting her, telling her that she worried him? Even during the day, even now she felt the grip on her wrists, the poem in his hand, his eyes steeled on hers...

"Beverly! Beverly! Oh god, just- please answer!"

She was shaken back to reality by Ben's voice. She was facing away from him, toward the oven but he must have noticed her stiff posture or sudden silence. She wiped her eyes and took a second to breathe before turning around. Ben was standing up now, halfway across the room, worry etched across his face.

"Sorry, I started daydreaming. Hopefully the mac and cheese isn't ruined..."

She felt guilty about outright lying. She wanted to be a good person and good people didn't deceive the people they cared about. But it was necessary, she just wanted the worry wiped off his face. She had kept it together since she had been taken (kept it together her whole life) and she was going tomorrow, things would be better in Portland, things would be fine soon so there was no point to worrying Ben.

"Are you sure? You're okay? You really worried me for a sec... It reminded me of the cistern when-"

"I'm fine Ben! Seriously! I'm sorry for worrying you but its fine okay? You don't have to look at me like that!"

"Like what? Like I care about you?"

"Yes!"

Ben looked taken aback and sat down in silence. She scowled and turned back to the oven. She felt like a piece of shit, she shouldn't

have snapped at Ben but the concern in his eyes and in his voice made her feel sick. It made her think of her dad. She didn't want Ben to remind her of her dad in any way.

The silence was stifling. She tried to focus on stirring the salt and pepper but she was too distracted by Ben. He was such a talkative guy, prone to rambling, and they'd never gone this long without speaking. After a few minutes, she sneaked a peek at Ben and saw he was staring out in the window, looking deep in thought. She wondered what he was thinking about. Probably her, wondering why she was being a bitch, wondering why he even bothered with the town slut. Sometimes she wondered the same. Like now. Maybe things would have been easier if he didn't bother, didn't care so much. Ben made her happy, of course he did, but nothing was ever as simple as that...

"I'm sorry for kissing you"

Bev stared at Ben. It took a minute to properly register his words. Her memories came rushing back. For a second, all she could see was Bill, all she could remember was him leaning in toward her as her heart started thumping with panic... it was hard to focus on Ben at that moment.

"What?"

Probably not the best response but she didn't know what else to say. Her mind had been so far from either kiss, they were so far down her concerns. She didn't know what he was talking about or why.

"I know it was weird to kiss you when you weren't awake, you didn't agree to it and it was gross, especially since it's not like I'm Bill, and I did it because I was desperate and it did work.... I thought it was okay because you didn't say anything but clearly you're mad at me and it made you uncomfortable so I just wanted to say-" He was interrupted by a quick spill of laughter from her mouth, which she instantly felt bad for. He had rambled so sincerely, with such a genuine look of regret on his face. She hastened to reassure him.

"Ben, it's okay. I know you wouldn't have done it with any other options. You saved my life Ben! I'm not gonna get angry at you for

that, I'm not that much of a bitch”

“You're not a...”

“What, a bitch?”

“No! Of course not. People who call you that are the real... ummm bad people”

She smiled at his support, and the way he didn't like to swear. Everything about him was so cute. He tugged at her heart by doing the simplest, cutest things. It was ridiculous. And weird.

“Thanks Ben. And... I never said this, but thank you for the poem. It was beautiful.”

Why hadn't she said this before? She had wanted to. It really did mean a lot to her. But she'd decided not to address Ben's feelings for her. That might mean she had to address her feelings for him. Why make things more complicated? Keep things simple and platonic so you leave things on a good, clean note. Good advice. But Bill had thrown that out of the window...

“T-Thanks! I'm glad you liked it, I never really thought I was much of a poet but you know, I was inspired after talking to you on the last day of school...”

It was hard to believe she had been even slightly angry at him a few minutes ago, hard to believe he had reminded her of her dad. When he talked like this, a small smile blossoming, she wanted to hug him.

“That's when I finally learned your name... it's kind of crazy to think how recent it was. Feels like I've known you longer than a few months... so much has happened...”

In one way, Bev felt nostalgic for that day. It had been the end of school, which always alternated between boring or annoying, the sun had been shining. She didn't worry about it back then. The only thing on her mind was what she would spend the summer doing and her dad...

‘I wouldn't go back'

Bev was almost taken aback by her own thought but realised it was right. 'I wouldn't go back to that day. Even though I'm having nightmares and I don't like when people touch me anymore and I have to leave everything I know, I wouldn't go back to smoking in the bathroom and trying to hide tampons from Dad. I'm happier without him. Life is better now. That stuff about things being better in Portland isn't just bullshit. It'll take time but I'm gonna be happy'.

She smiled widely at the thought and a ray of pure hope brightened up her cloudy mind. Ben smiled back at her uncertainly.

'I'm glad he's happy' she thought, suddenly grateful for a lot of things. "I'm happy he's alive and safe and here with me right now". She decided to share some of her sudden positivity.

"Me too. I'm happy that I'm alive, that's pretty nice!"

She giggled at this and stirred the mac and cheese with gusto. She had been moody enough for one day, she wasn't going to let herself ruin her last night anymore. She started humming 'Bust a Move' and moving side to side in time to the tune, pouring in the cheddar cheese.

"I don't know what it is about this kitchen but it always makes me want to dance. And sing. It's full of good, very musical vibes!"

"Well I don't know about that... I've only ever danced or sang in here once and as far as I know, my mam never has! Maybe it's just you?"

"I think that I'm just enthusiastic about good food. Speaking of which.... dinner is served!"

She brought over the two plates. She hoped he was as hungry as she was because she had overcooked and the portions were pretty large.

"Jeez, maybe we should call the other losers over. Richie would have no trouble polishing this off!"

"You can save the leftovers for your mom maybe? Or you can eat it tomorrow to remember me"

"Oh yeah, I'll be like 'Who was that crazy girl? Always singing and

dancing. She liked my kitchen almost as much as she liked teasing me!”

“Oh really? Well that’s funny because I think I’ll be like ‘Who was that strange boy who loved New Kids on the Block so much? What was his name again? Bill?’”

“Hey!”

He looked a little offended but still laughed. She stuck a fork in her food and shovelled it in her mouth. She sighed with relief as she had thankfully managed to make decent food in between zoning out and being angsty. She looked over to see Ben swallow and despite everything, felt a flutter in her stomach as she asked “Well?”

Ben stayed solemn and silent for a few seconds before grinning at her. She threw a napkin at him for worrying her like that and it smacked him right in the arm. He continued as if nothing had happened.

“Well I’ll be damned. Had I known I was feeding such a talented cook last time, I would have felt even more nervous!”

“Shut up!” she snorted. She hesitated but continued with “Were you really nervous?”

“Well yeah. I was pretty worried you might be mad at me or you might be weirded out by the poem or something and to be honest... you make me nervous a lot. Remember when you talked to me for the first time?”

That first conversation again. It kept coming back up. It was true, Ben had been pretty awkward (she remembered the way he had kept dropping his stuff) but his smile had been sweet and he was so friendly she hadn’t minded. It was endearing. It was also cool to meet a guy so honest and sincere, not an asshole or an asshole pretending to be a good guy to get into your pants. Of course, she had befriended Mike and Bill and the other losers soon after but she guessed she had a soft spot for Ben. He was the first guy to treat her like that. Would there be any guys like him in Portland?

“Ben you are really ridiculous. I’m not intimidating to anyone but you”

“Hey, I can’t help it. You’re just so cool and nice and pretty, and you know I’ve never been friends with a girl before”

“Oh Ben...”

“If only you knew” she thought. “What I told you that you make me nervous too? With your quiet understanding and your big puppy dog eyes and your heart waiting to be broken and your kind, loving words? You see me more than anyone else ever has, you see right through me sometimes and that scares the crap out of me but you still care about me and that scares me even more”

Of course she said none of that. They were both being honest but there was still some stuff she thought was better left unsaid. For his sake as well as hers.

She hoped he would meet another girl soon, someone better than her, who could admit she cared about him and who would never worry or hurt him. He could be happy with the new girl and forget all about her. But she didn’t want to forget about him. She didn’t want to forget about this moment, sitting in the kitchen, joking and teasing him while it got darker and darker and the time left in Derry shrank.

Bev offered to wash the dishes but Ben flat out refused. He reminded her how late it was, that she was going early in the morning. She almost felt a little hurt at his insistence that she leave but as always, he was right. She didn’t want to start things off badly with her aunt. It really was time to go, really time to say goodbye...

He walked her to the front door. This time it was her turn to say no when he offered to walk with her, her turn to remind him that his mom would be home soon. They stood at the front door for a few minutes longer, delaying the inevitable.

“I’ll send you a postcard with my address okay? You can give it to the others if they want it. And you have to write at least once okay? Don’t forget about me immediately”

“I won’t” he breathed.

She looked at him. She remembered how Bill had said goodbye to her. Ben would never do that. If she and Ben were going to kiss, it was going to her decision to do it. And it wouldn’t happen, she decided with relief. After all the rumours spread about her, all the lewd comments said to her, all the unspoken thoughts in her fathers eyes... she didn’t really want to do anything like that. Not now, maybe not ever. And she didn’t think she needed to say that to Ben. He was smart. He understood. She leaned in to kiss his cheek and when she looked at him, he didn’t look disappointed. His eyes shone and he was grinning.

“Well I guess the only thing left to say is... stay cool, new kid on the block”

She began walking away, walking back home and felt tears well up in her eyes. Maybe that was why she didn’t turn around when she heard Ben yell behind her.

“Please don’t go girl!”

“I’m going to miss you Ben Hanscom” she thought. “Take care of yourself and have a good life. I’ll never see you again, I somehow know I won’t but I also know I’m not going to forget you”.

She looked up at the night sky, the last time she would ever see the stars above Derry. She smiled and hummed until she reached home.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm sorry this took so long but I put a lot of work into it so please comment or leave kudos!

Author's Note:

This is a two shot, the second chapter is gonna be, as hinted, Bev making Ben some food to repay him. It'll be her POV so it'll address her feelings for Ben, Bill as well as her trauma. Don't worry, I'll try to add some more sickening fluff into it.

If you don't understand the title, you clearly never watched the greatest 3-D film of 2005

PLEASE LEAVE COMMENTS and follow me on twitter @jeremysben!